

Boston, July 17, 1849.

Dear Friend:

97 One of the pleasantest sights in the world to me is, the sight of a slave escaped from his dreary prison-house. I know you participate in that feeling; and therefore it is with great pleasure I introduce you to one, the bearer of this, whose Narrative you may have read, William W. Brown. It is true, he has not recently escaped, but for several years past has been a lecturer in the anti-slavery cause, rehearsing in the public ear the story of the wrongs and sufferings of the millions who are still held in captivity; but it is also true, that, up to the hour of his departure for the fast-anchored isle, he is by American law a chattel, and finds in "this great country" no spot on which he can legally stand in safety from his pursuers. For the last three years, he has been laboring in the service of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, during which period he has conducted himself in the most exemplary manner, and commended himself to the respect and esteem of a large circle of acquaintance. We part from him with regret, especially as the harvest here is so great, and the laborers are so few; but we are reconciled to his absence by knowing that he is not to cease advocating the cause of his fettered countrymen by going abroad, but intends to labor for their deliverance with renewed zeal. Indeed, how can he help remembering those in bonds as bound with them, seeing that he carries <sup>in his mind</sup> upon his person the marks of slaveholding cruelty, and the dreadful recollection of all that he saw and suffered while held as a chattel; and seeing, too, that he



left behind him, when he made his escape, a mother and three sisters, who, if living, are yet groaning beneath a bondage that is hopeless?

Mr. Brown does not go out officially from any anti-slavery society, simply because he prefers to stand alone responsible for what he may say and do, and to present himself to the British public in his distinctive character as a fugitive slave from a land boasting of its freedom, independence, republicanism and piety, but under the flag of which he finds less protection than is given to cattle and household furniture. Nor does he go out to be a pecuniary burden or to make himself an unwelcome guest to any one; but he hopes that, by the sale of his Narrative, (the stereotype plates of which he takes with him,) he shall be able to meet such expenses as may arise beyond what the hospitality of friends may cover. His stay will be longer or shorter, as circumstances may determine.

It gratifies me to state, that he has been appointed a delegate to the Peace Congress which is to be held in Paris next month, by the Committee of the American Peace League, whose credentials he bears with him. This is another proof that prejudice against color is gradually yielding here to the appeals of reason, to the claims of justice, to the dictates of piety. I should like to be at that Congress myself; for though it will doubtless come far short of the standard of Christian non-resistance, as taught and exemplified by Christ, yet its deliberations cannot fail to be interesting, and its testimonies I trust will be clear and emphatic against all wars, whether waged offensively or defensively.



It appears that there is now in England, a "Reverend" agent of the American Colonization Society, by the name of Miller, who is endeavoring to deceive the public and to get pecuniary aid for that Society, as did Calliott Bresson, many years ago; and it is one object of Mr. Brown, in going to England at this time, to meet and expose this wolf in sheep's clothing.

Last evening, a large and an enthusiastic public meeting was held by the colored citizens of Boston, in conjunction with their white friends, to give him the parting hand, and to recognize and accredit him as their representative and mouth-piece abroad. The proceedings of the meeting you will receive by another conveyance, and doubtless will have read them in print before this letter is put into your hands by Mr. Brown.

As Mr. Brown comes fresh from the anti-slavery field in the United States, and can tell you every thing about the state of our cause, as well as any private particulars you may desire to obtain respecting your anti-slavery friends and acquaintance, I need not extend this letter.

The cholera is visiting various parts of this country with great severity; but, as yet, Boston has had very few cases of it, and we are hoping that these will not be multiplied. In every other respect, the city is unusually healthy.

We are all pretty well at home. The loss of our dear boy, Charles Follen, still presses heavily upon us. Helen desires to be warmly remembered to you.

Accept afresh the assurances of my gratitude, esteem, and friendly attachment.

Elizabeth Pease.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.



